



Townsville Hash House Harriers Est.

Hash Trash



<http://www.tvh3.net>

Mail: TVH3 PO BOX 769 Hyde Park QLD 4812

2016/17 MisManagement Committee

Grand Master	- Cat Blew	0429 065 075
Joint Master	- Clever Punt	0408 707 506
Hash Cash	- Imelda Marcos	0459 200 223
On Sec	- Blowback	4740 4194
TrailMasters	- Ewok	0418 747 100
	- Wart	0409 762 272
WalkMasters	- Clitus	0488 508 746
	- Ballsy	0417 072 276
Hash Horns	- Pink Bits	0405 132 044
	- Cowboy	0439 645 980
Hash Raffleers	- Not So	0450 404 524
	- Copit	4740 4194
Hash Haberdash	- Dammit	0417 619 539
	- Wet Spot	0412 998 314
Brewmeister	- Miss Daisy	0402 709 359



Facebook: Townsville Hash House Harriers

Website: <http://www.tvh3.net>

Hash Spider - Hot 4 Male

lindykeith27@gmail.com

0408 753 613

RECEDING HARELINE – 6 PM Run Start

RUN #	WHEN	HARES	WHARE	SCRIBE
2101	25 JUL	COWBOY & DUNNY	35 LAMBERT ST, HEATLEY	SCREAM'N SWAN
2102	1 AUG	MOTHER DUCK & HEMROID	12 CLAY ST, BOHLE	BULLSHIT
2103	8 AUG	TBA	TBA	ME MUDDER
2104	15 AUG	GASH, PHLASH & SLASH	AS ABOVE	SEE LEFT
2105	22 AUG	HOO NOSE	BLIND ANTELOPE	
FULLMOON	THU 18 AUG	LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS		
PEDDLERS	SAT 6 AUG	RAM ROOTER & BJ	CENTENARY HOTEL, OYB 2PM + A BIT	

Runs sometimes subject to change – always check <http://www.tvh3.net> for latest information.

PRICK OF THE WEEK:

Tyson (from Soft-n-Creamy)

ERECTUS:

Not Presented (Daniel absent)

Upcoming Hash Events

26–27 Aug – Tarts' *Convention* at Mission Beach

– See a tart for info, or read your bloody email!

21–23 October – Mackay Hash Beach Party

12–13 November – Cairns *Mulgrave Madness*

2100 run, Little Mulgrave. \$75 before

10/10, then \$85.

24–26 February, 2017 – *Gold Rush* Nash Hash,

Ballarat

14–16 September 2018 – Motherhash Kuala

Lumpur 80th anniversary celebration

Check website (www.tvh3.net) for more info.

RUN REPORTS – send to Blowback
BY WEDNESDAY NIGHT!!!!

Ph: 4740 4194

EMAIL: generuss@optusnet.com.au

If corn oil is made from corn, and vegetable oil is made from vegetables, what is baby oil made from?

Run Report 2099 – nearly up to 2100!!!

I cnduo't bvleiee taht I culod aulacly uesdtannrd waht I was rdnaieg. Unisg the icndeblire pweor of the hman mnid, aocdcnig to rsecrah at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it dseno't mttar in waht oderr the lterets in a wrod are, the olny irpoamtnt tihng is taht the frsit and lsat ltteer be in the rhgit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it whoutit a pboerlm. Tihs is buceae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey ltteer by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Aaznmig, huh? Yaeh and I awlyas tghhuot slelinpg was ipmorantt! Possibly a great deal of hashman may not be able to understand this as it does talk about human minds. Personally reading this reminds me of listening to **BRAVE TART** and **MOTHER DUCK**. (A Glooge scraeh yledis 1950 rlusets in 0.62 s of renecefs for the avboe pglriastaioin ... vrabietm ... ed!!!)

But on with the run.....

The start looked like being named after one of the hares – a bit more moisture and it would have been a **SWAMP**. The rain held off and the pack set off - walkers to the right and runners to the left.

TARTANN was left to look after the nosh and the trailer trash (about a dozen of them) and **SWAMP** and **SOFT'N'CREAMY** headed off with drinks and a bag of lollies to the drinkstop at the catholic child care centre on Morindo Drive. The runners and walkers both arrived at the drinkstop around the same time but it was too late to get any lollies – **SWAMP** had already given them to the pre-schoolers! Beer and lemonade was drunk and the pack set off again to get home to the trailer trash.

The pack arrived back after 45 minutes to find that the trailer trash had been joined by the Kirwan Sports Club social team of **CRAPPA**, **MASTERBATES** and **SHERLOCK**.

Nibbles of little boys (or dingo dicks according to **SHOCKER**), the famous cheese balls and garlic spuds were provided and then the circle was called. Lots of drinks for various reasons including welcoming virgin Townsville runners **LIZZIE** and "**THAT GUY**" (welcome to TVH3), a drink for last week's hares for causing a disruption in Kirwan by placing chalk markings on the gutters to show the non-reflective comrades which houses to burgle and four thousand charges (I've told you a million times not to exaggerate) about pokemon.

Raffles were run and won with **BENTABEAK** putting in a spirited performance of breakdancing in the mud puddle when he won the Dan Murphy's voucher, the well named **SHATTER** (who is now the new six million dollar man with more metal than Ironman attached to him) won the Rene Pogel (spell it backwards to see what he won) and **RAMROOTER** was very impressed to win the free piss (especially

after he had previously had a discussion with BJ about who was driving and he had volunteered to drive).

CATBLEW was heard to say that once again she had saved the club money by having a driver win the free piss – she is always thinking of our best interests? More nosh in the form of soup – so hearty that you could and had to use a fork to eat it – arrived. The pack then began to drift off and **TYSON** probably took the trailer home early after receiving the POW shirt for arriving with the trailer just before the run. Well done hares – a well set and well organised run. On On **WETCHEQUES**

Don't you love smart arses!!! ...

It was mealtime during a flight on Hooters Airline. "Would you like dinner?" the flight attendant asked. "What are my choices?" *Ewok* said. "Yes or no," she replied.

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Copit was picking through the frozen turkeys at Coles but she couldn't find one big enough. She asked *Night Watch Hooker*, "Do these turkeys get any bigger?" "Sorry, *Copit*," he replied. "They're dead."

—
Dunny was driving along the highway. A sign comes up, "Low Bridge Ahead." Before he knows it, the bridge is right ahead of him and he gets stuck. Cars are backed up for miles. Finally, a police car comes up. The copper gets out of his car and walks to *Dunny*, puts his hands on his hips and says, "Got stuck, eh?" *Dunny* says, "No, I was delivering this bridge and ran out of fuel."

—
Phlash reminds her class of tomorrow's final exam. "Now class, I won't tolerate any excuses for you not being here tomorrow. I might consider a nuclear attack or a serious personal injury, illness, or a death in your immediate family, but that's it, no other excuses whatsoever!"

A smart-arse in the back of the room raised his hand and asked, "What would you say if tomorrow I said I was suffering from complete and utter sexual exhaustion?"

Phlash just smiles knowingly at the student, shakes her head and sweetly says, "Well, I guess you'd have to write the exam with your other hand."

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The copper got out of his car and *El Dringo* who was stopped for speeding rolled down his window. "I've been waiting for you all day," the cop said. *Dringo* replied, "Yeah, well I got here as fast as I could." When the bull finally stopped laughing, he sent *Dringo* on his way without a ticket.